

# Three 6 Mafia, Jealous Ass Bitch

(DJ Paul)

Jealous, jealous, jealous, jealous ass bitches!  
Jealous ass bitches!  
Jea, Jea, jealous ass bitches! jealous ass bitches!

(Chorus - repeat 4X)

Draped up and dripped out, know what I'm talkin bout  
Jealous ass bitches, let that steam out ya collar ho!

(DJ Paul)

My killas and playas  
We gotta hear the speaker upon a certain subject tho  
These niggas hata so they talk shit bout us to our hoes  
They talk shit tryna put salt in our peeing  
These niggas being  
Some hating bitches but not seein  
We goin after you enemies  
Anger is all in me  
Graspin another clip  
Infared and feel these  
Cross outs  
Or get tossed out  
On that pizzacks  
Slammed to the pavement  
For a fizz (JEALOUS!)  
Never really cool wit me  
Hoes ya gotta put em up  
Backstabbers and downers hold ya down but bitch im  
bout some commers  
Puttin them guns up  
For ya lame  
Take no charges for ya man  
Toe to toe witcha hoe  
No problem man we can swang bang Bitch!

(ScareCrow)

Well I be damned  
Its ScareCrow, and Goddy Cally, Tomontana and Hafa  
We choppin off ones on these f\*\*kin ass bitches 'cause  
they ain't got shit else to offer, Baraka  
I'm only 5'5" so I love when they call me Lil' Poppa  
I can't get a post, the copper so close  
Less evil down here by tha dock 'cause they think they some coners  
But in a lil while you f\*\*k niggas gone need some blood doners  
We ridin through India launcher  
Put dirt in they launcher  
They dead on the corner we comin real loca  
I tell ya the nigs in my click man we comin real loca  
They stayin real blow on tha snow  
Always Coca Cola... but not the kind in the can  
The kind in the drank cooler or in the drink stand  
These niggas got faith in they strap like a crucifix  
Run on there knees like the purist christian  
And niggas in mafia land do not give a damn matter you penny or brands  
We dont have to been that great 'cause its no smoking the  
store Kalicofalilo? check yo collar

(Chorus 2X)

(Gangsta Boo)

A nova gettin money lendin niggas pimp by the Boo  
They want me to smile but steady I frown  
Aint nothin but gangsta up in me fool  
For what its worth im takin you bitches main

Niggaz and dollars he's whinnin diamond his lady  
So let that steam out yo collar  
And face reallity  
You cant compare when it come to misses Boo  
Cant be taking no losses from none of you project ho bitches  
I'm livin it up stayin down, tryna get what I can  
From the 9-6 to 2G, I'm lovin money now man  
So why you playa hatin  
Ho you need to dig what I peep  
You wonderin why you aint bail  
'cause you be f\*\*kin for free  
So since you hot you better let that steam up outta your collar  
I'm gettin richer and richer I love the almighty dollar

(Juicy J)  
Back when I was broke  
didnt nobody wanna f\*\*k wit me  
hangin wit my nigga D.  
Magic in this property  
snipers gaurdin niggas  
wit them triggers  
slangin nuttin but fruit  
making junkies flip into a zone  
like they on that screw  
those was my itles  
Dan and J. said stick to rap  
'cause if you die in that shit  
ima get tha gat  
3 years past and I finnaly got a f\*\*kin break  
3-6 Mafia missed the styles  
niggas start to hate  
fo i started makin cheese  
sellin tapes  
underground players stay down  
now they frown when I come around  
but im maintaining  
still drankin  
hatin I cant destroy  
every time I ride  
All I hear is f\*\*k witcha boy

(Chorus 2X)

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Jealous ass bitches, let that steam out ya collar ho  
Draped up and dripped out  
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